



Dame Fashion at the Riviera.

Wonderful Gowns That Harmonize with Entrancing Surroundings.

An American Girl Who Wears a Costume Which Appeals to the Feminine Heart.

A MARVEL OF VELVET AND CHIFFON.

Apparel Fit for a Queen That Robed a Regally Beautiful Woman—A Glace Silk Frock That Challenged Admiration.

Monte Carlo, Jan. —Three days ago I was in Paris. It was cold and dreary, and the gray air was filled with grip. I was sipping my chocolate at Colombine's, in the most desolate mood, when some one came in and said: "Let us leave this damp, dreary, dripping Paris and go to the Riviera, where the sun shines warm and the air is caressing as love." So here I am, sitting in my wicker-rocker under the palms, with the shining Mediterranean



The Newest Fur Collar.

stretching away before me in far, fair distances, blue as wax flowers and glittering under the great, sweet sky that hovers over it tenderly.

And life goes by like a dream. I do not care to read or to do anything but sit and watch the beautiful, passionate-eyed women go by in their wondrously beautiful gowns, with so much of life written in their full faces. Then the drives—were ever such to be found anywhere else the wide world over! It is like heaven, and one cries out with the very delight of sight. It is the landscape of romance, with castles and tinted mountains, and the sea, always the sea, guarded by the tall, spire-like poplars that stand tall and slender against the sky and make the whole view like something out of a picture.

In the evening all the world is gay to madness. The great Casino is ablaze with thousands of lights, and the music streams out from the glittering opera house till one's senses whirl in a delirium of ecstasy. Life is beautiful and life is tragic here with a beauty and a tragedy past believing. Fortunes are made and lost, and the bravest and fairest of the world's favored ones are carried along in the swirl of excitement.

Never at any other place do the fashions compare with those seen here. The very latest mode, the most recent wrinkle, is sent here and flaunted by the fashion setters of the world. In the past three days I have seen more beautiful gowns and hats than any time since I was last here. There are delicious frocks of light, painted silks, and many straw hats with trimmings of lace and flowers and airy gossamer. These are all in the very latest caprice of fashion, and are forerunners of what the Spring modes are to be.



The Lady and the Garter.

Buckles Whose Beauty Makes Them Temptations to Femininity.

Yellow Elastics with Golden Ornaments Lead in Popularity.

DESIGNS TO SUIT EVERY TASTE.

An Arrangement in Photographs That Pleases—The Bloomer Girl in Evidence—Collegiate Patriots Not Forgotten.

The ladies dote on garters, and the men buy them. This is one instance where love and finance go hand in hand. Just now the garter is on the crest of the wave

of popularity, for in her inmost heart every girl believes that if she puts a yellow garter on her left leg New Year's and wears it night and day she is sure to be engaged before the year is out. To the engaged girl it is also a guarantee that her matrimonial bark will not be cast away on the rocky shores of the Isle of Disagreement.

One of the peculiar features of the garter of the present is that it is gradually becoming ornamental instead of useful. The feminine heart delights in its beauty, but not in its unfailing ability to interfere with the circulation of the blood and eventually injure the proportions of the leg. It is rarely that a woman to whom nature has been generous wears the garter in preference to the regulation hose supporter, though she loves the bejewelled and ornamented elastic with all her old time ardor. This is why, if one makes bold to ask a woman if she wears those objects of beauty, she as a rule replies: "No, but I like them ever so much."

This year the jewelled garter is more



The Matinee Girl's New Idol.

Herbert Kelcey and Kyrle Bellew Ruthlessly Cast Aside.

Emile Sauret, the Violin Virtuoso, Now Causes Palpitation of the Heart.

RECEIVES ALL SORTS OF LETTERS.

His Managers Wish Him to Let His Hair Grow Long, but He Declines to Emulate Paderewski.

The Matinee Girl has found a new idol. She has taken Herbert Kelcey and Kyrle Bellew from their forget-me-not frames and wants another picture to replace them.

Emile Sauret, the big French violin virtuoso, who made his reappearance in America last week, has captured her fickle heart, and she has evinced her admiration by numerous notes and flattering letters, which Herr Sauret and his handsome wife discuss together over their morning coffee. The fact that Sauret has won the affections of New York's Matinee Maiden is all the more remarkable from the fact that he is the first musician of note who has visited America in years who has not been marked by a wild or tawdry hirsute adornment.

Sauret's hair is not of the musical variety made fashionable by Paderewski. In fact, it is worn shorter than is the fashion nowadays. How a musician, and especially a violinist, could dare brave public opinion by wearing short hair, has caused considerable comment in musical circles. Indeed, it is hinted that Sauret's managers have endeavored to persuade the artist to cultivate his hair a la Rivard and Ysaye, who preceded him here.

Sauret is not at all of the romantic type in appearance. He is robust and healthy and cheerful looking, but he plays with quite as much power and feeling as though he sported chrysanthemum locks. When he played the "Rondo Capriccioso" of Saint-Saens, at Carnegie Hall, last Saturday afternoon, many of the women present rolled up their eyes as he went, as they do when Paderewski juggles with the piano keys.

If Sauret were to let his hair grow as his managers wish him to, there is no doubt that he would be even more popular with his feminine hearers than he is, and that his mail would be augmented by many additional missives. But long hair would not suit his appearance any more than a Corbett pompadour would improve Paderewski. As yet Sauret has had more romance in his life than the average melancholy musician who looks as though he were playing away by inches, in complete ignorance of the existence of such a thing as a beefsteak.

Twenty years ago he came to America, at the age of eighteen. He married Teresa Carreno, the celebrated pianist, who afterward married Tagliaferri, whose once beautiful voice now enraptures certain Bohemian circles of the town. Another of Carreno's later husbands was D'Albert, the pianist, whom she has since divorced.

Sauret himself is now married to a lady who was once the wife of Ovide Musin.

One of the most remarkable letters that Sauret has received came from Brooklyn. It read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Sauret: I listened to four beautiful playing evenings, and I affected me so much that I could not sleep all night. I would esteem it the greatest favor conferred upon me for this musical letter, if I could have the honor of making your acquaintance in person. Could a young girl, with discretion, call upon you during the intermission of your next concert, or after you have finished playing? I trust, Mr. Sauret, that you will not think I am foolish. I simply express here the sincere wish and desire of a true friend and an honest girl to make your acquaintance. I beg you to excuse me for this unusual letter, and it is certainly unusual to me, as I have never written anything of the kind before in my life. Kindly answer by newspaper."

Another, equally ingenious, said:

"My dear Mr. Sauret: I am an amateur musician, and an admirer of such great artists as you. Could you, without even knowing me, accept an invitation to dine at my house any evening which would be convenient for you? I promise you a strictly French dinner, and shall invite some lovely girls to attend the same, whom I am sure you will be glad to meet. Please answer by bearer."

Herr Sauret, who is very courteous, has answered each note when an address was given, regretting his inability to accept invitations and thanking his correspondents for their commendation of his work.

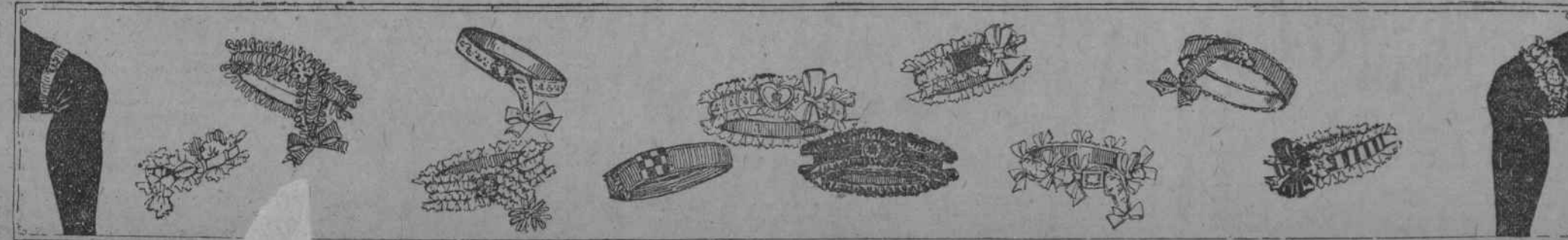
KATE MASTERSON.

A Michigan Suggestion.

What the First Presbyterian Church of Washington really needs is a stage manager who is a disciplinarian.



Raw Days of Early Spring in Paris Will Bring Out Many Fetching Costumes.



Diamond and Other Precious Stones Ornament Up-to-Date Garters.

Sketches by a Journal staff artist.